

Malham

H I S T O R Y

DUCH

Robert A. Kirk
OF THE *Merry*

H O N O U R A B L E

EDWARD MORTIMER.

B Y A L A D Y.

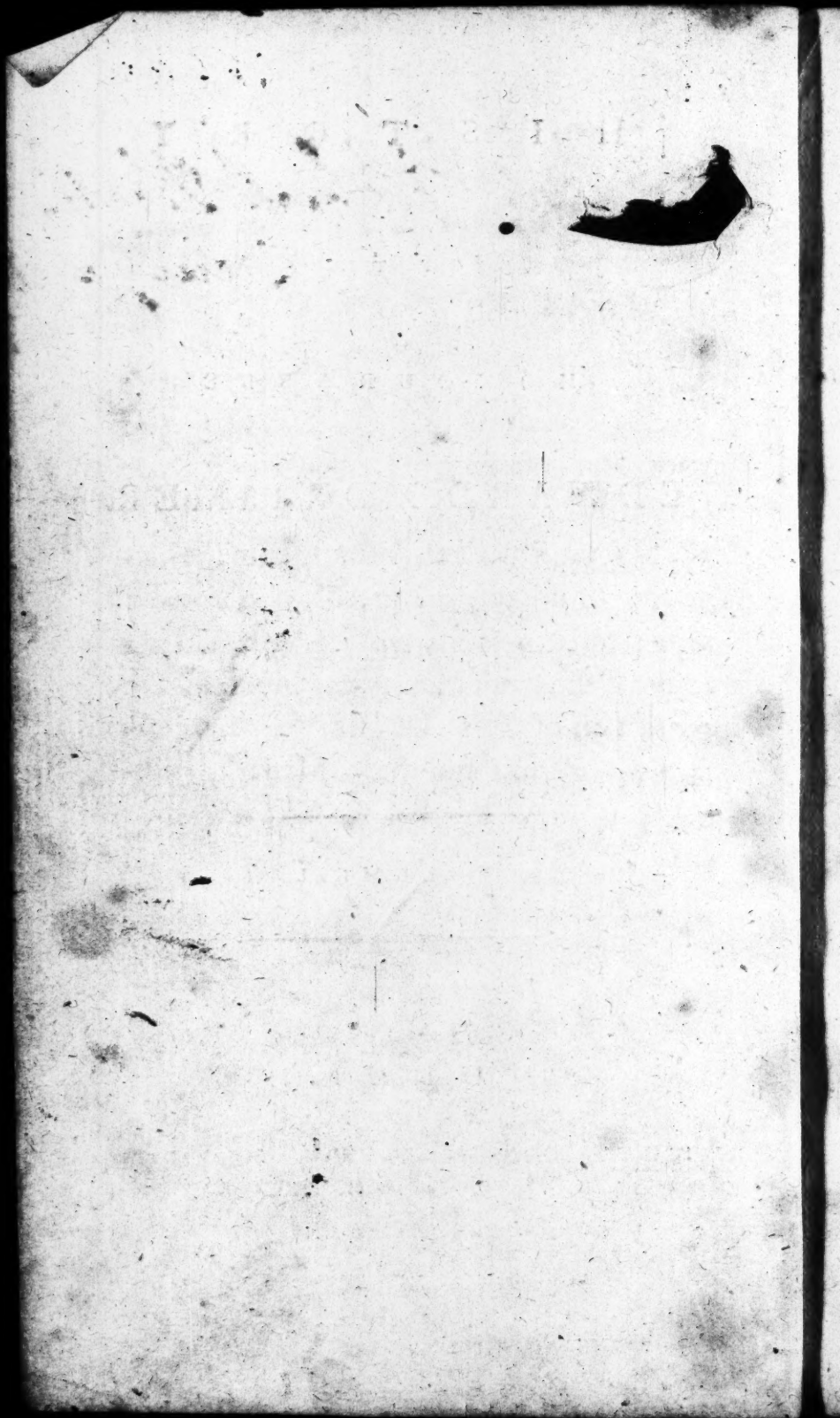
VOLUME I

Complete

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M DCC LXXXVI.



TO HER GRACE THE
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

MADAM,

UNDER the auspices of your Grace's favour, I presume to lay these Volumes at your feet; having experienced in your Grace that exalted goodness ever ready to assist the unprotected. A stranger to the language of flattery, I need no borrowed praise to express my gratitude, or words to boast the exultation of my heart in the protection of THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. Permit me then, Madam, publicly to have the honour to avow myself

Your Grace's

most faithful,

most devoted,

and obedient Servant,

Bath.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN we peruse a book of this nature, we seldom form higher expectations than to beguile an hour fraught with peculiar dulness. From this aspersions of futility, some modern novels have vindicated themselves, and stood the test of genius.

If acknowledged excellence feels timidity, the Author of these memoirs (conscious of no merit but the attempt to please) hopes allowance will be made for the anxious fears of a first essay, shrinking from fatal criticism; and unable, but for the veil of concealment, to sustain so severe a trial.

Should any colouring after nature appear in the characters of this novel, without wounding the sensibility of an individual, (for few have pretensions to satirize;) yet may the sanguine imagination and feeling heart observe, that, though

“Peace, O! virtue, peace be all thy own,”
still the brightest of fortune’s favours stands fairest to be obtained by the fawning hypocrite.

HISTORY

H I S T O R Y

OF THE

Hon. EDWARD MORTIMER.

ON the declivity of a hill, many miles from the metropolis, by the side of a navigable river, was situated a small house, or rather cottage, in which simplicity had been united with elegance: to this little retreat Mr. Mortimer retired from the world accompanied by his daughter Julia.

As strangers, they were the topic of conversation. The young lady was uncommonly beautiful, and the father had

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the

the manners of a man of fashion : These circumstances in a country village were sufficient to give freedom to invention. Some transformed the gentleman into a guardian who had stolen his ward ; others, of still greater penetration, determined that the lady was certainly mistress to some professed libertine. There are many reasons to fear, the ladies who bestowed this epithet on the fair Julia, were themselves conscious how fatal such charms would have proved to their *own virtue*.——

Julia, (not sensible that while she warmed all hearts with admiration, she filled numbers with envy) herself a stranger to those sentiments which are enemies to innocence and peace, passed her time “careless of to-morrow’s evil.”

The Vicar of the parish was not only a man of superior learning, but likewise to his knowledge of the world added a softness of manners, and benevolence of heart.——He thought he observed in the

coun-

countenance of Mr. Mortimer a suppressed melancholy. This affected a mind disposed to wish happiness to mankind. A visit of ceremony was indispensable, but this only procured a return of politeness.

The good Vicar, determined to engage a further acquaintance, pressed Lady Dudley to wait on Miss Julia Mortimer. Lady Dudley was not only of the first consequence in the village, but endowed with a mind elevated above those little depreciating characters, which never presume to boast one idea of their own, but humbly retail the next report, "tho' a tale told by an idiot," and to injure their best friends.

By this visit, calumny was silenced. And as an interview between well-bred people can never fail to please, frequently it is productive of lasting friendship. The ladies were mutually charmed with each other, and the Vicar spent most of his

evenings with Mr. Mortimer.—As their intimacy encreased, their conversation on military engagements, and the hardships and disappointments attending a soldier's life, became more frequent.—One evening (after their usual game at chess) under the branches of a venerable oak, at the door of his little elegant cottage, Mr. Mortimer had made himself uncommonly pleasing to the Vicar; who from this motive denounced his high displeasure against commanders in chief, and great men in power, for being capable of such injustice to his favourite.—

“You mistake this point, my good friend,” replied Mr. Mortimer, “even our gracious sovereign has it not always in his power to reward, what *you* call merit. The remainder of my life I hold pledged to my king and country, though no higher in rank than a half-pay captain of foot, after five and twenty years service.”

“More

"More shame for them," exclaimed the Vicar, (sweeping away at one violent stroke, kings, rooks, bishops, and pawns) I see every day boys made colonels, who scarce know the first rudiments of their grammar.—~~You~~ You with three balls in your body, and a broken constitution——"

The Vicar was proceeding, when Mr. Mortimer interrupted him, and smiling, assured him, his constitution had still the advantage of our young men of fashion at five and twenty—May we aver, that vanity scarcely ever leaves the human heart!—and Mr. Mortimer saw then approaching Lady Dudley, for whom (would his pride permit) he would have felt the strongest attachment.

Mr. Mortimer's person was tall and elegant, with that captivating softness of manners, which was thought the criterion of a gentleman some years since, but in these our times is voted a *bore*—his teeth and eyes were fine—his countenance wore

a cast of unmerited wretchedness, and interested the heart of his beholders, to love and to wish to serve him—his understanding was cultivated—men and books had been alternately his study—his sense of honour was *extreme*—he felt what a man of honour ought to feel, before *insult* was suffered to pass for a *good thing*, and determined by a *bet*.

The lady, who was advancing with his daughter Julia, loved him: she had, from this all-powerful motive, studied his temper; even his foibles, since they proceeded from virtue, were by her beheld with veneration. Lady Dudley's heart bled with pity, when she observed that, sometimes, Mr. Mortimer was oppressed with a deep melancholy; at others, he had a degree of frenzy: but in a few moments recovered himself, and returned to that gentleness, which was the characteristic of his temper and disposition.

Lady

HON. EDWARD MORTIMER.

Lady Dudley was the widow of Sir Charles Dudley, an ancient Baronet, who had left her mistress of a large estate. This fortune she knew was against her, with a man of Mr. Mortimer's character: She was a stranger to his present situation, and whether unengaged from those chains which sit so heavy on numbers, and scarce *any* bear; like the fetters of roses the poet speaks of.

Lady Dudley cultivated the acquaintance of the amiable Julia.—This beautiful girl of seventeen, Mr. Mortimer had spent his time in educating; nor had the fair Julia any other master for the languages, music, or painting.—Dancing was absolutely forbid!—and in the number of Mr. Mortimer's particularities not allowed. Well for the elegant Julia, her form was the seat of the Graces, with that just height of stature, which does not lose the female in the grenadier. Vain are many ladies, of being five feet ten, without shoes; and when they survey their

gigantic forms, forget the symmetry of the Venus de Medicis.—Her face was expressive—her heart felt—her blue eyes beamed with softness, compassion, love, and the universal desire of pleasing—her nose was Grecian—her mouth lovely—her smile and teeth charming—her complexion more of the lily than the rose, owing to a degree of ill health; which, while it stole from her beauty, added to her softness.

Accompanied by this darling child, Lady Dudley approached with dignity and ease; and charms, upon which Time had as yet spared his fatal influence.

Mr. Mortimer, who was conscious of his reply to the Vicar, blushed—and though his compliments were common, his manner was interesting. Lady Dudley felt the force of his address, and blushed at her own sensibility. Some of the most pleasing moments in life are, when the heart
feels

heaven they were no beauties!"——Lady Dudley could not avoid suffering these people's visits, but covered her dislike with a frozen politeness, by which she threw them at a supportable distance.

Envy never sleeps.—Miss Venom had heard of Julia's visit for a few days to Dudley Park, and therefore concluded an attachment to the father, from the civility to the daughter, pretty certain not any thing had transpired on Mr. Mortimer's side. Miss Venom determined to confuse the gentleman, and picque the lady, if a spark of pride remained in her breast—bringing her little troop forward, with a pert air and loud laugh, "What have I caught you, *my lady*, making love to *our Captain*?—we are all your rivals!"—but seriously, continued she, in a loud whisper—"I hear it is to be a match very soon."——

The confusion of Mr. Mortimer and Lady Dudley surpassed description! The worthy Vicar, who, for the first time in his life,

life, read in the embarrassment of his friends a secret he never suspected, and who stood forth ever to assist the oppressed, replied, "Come come, Miss Venom, never spoil matches; as you had not honour enough to make one with poor Joe Harrow, at the Mill Gate, who would honestly have married you, *as they say*." "I do not know what you mean," faltered out Miss Venom; "no, indeed, Dr. Cassock," "Well, well," continued the Vicar, "few words: *many* were not wanted by the handsome farmer; you might have been married once in your life, and have reason to regret he died of the small-pox.—

Malice, which ever rejoices at fresh food, was delighted! Lady Dudley was no more thought on; a still newer object was more interesting. Every female in the party determined before she slept to be perfectly informed of the anecdote of their *dear* friend Miss Venom's imprudence.

They

They took their leave, and each, as if by consent, separated to search the village for this fortunate story: of the truth they never doubted, which the Vicar had let fall, out of zeal for his friends, a man who ever endeavoured to conceal human frailties, and for the first time in his life retaliated evil on the head of the malicious.

Miss Asp, the bosom friend of Miss Venom, was the most anxious for information; the superior fortune of that lady gave her every advantage in dress over Miss Asp. A balloon hat had arrived from town with a plume of feathers worthy to grace the helmet of a Roman Chief: every eye gazed with admiration; every heart panted with envy. No wonder then Miss Asp, who was her rival in beauty, flew to an old inhabitant of the village, Mrs. Standard, the wife of an old Lieutenant of that name.—This woman he had met with at country quarters, and in his old age married, to have (as he expressed it)

peace

peace at home. Whether he found this blessing equal to his sanguine hopes, was a point which remained doubtful; but ever having been under command, he submitted in silence; and consoled himself with invectives against the whole sex, over his bottle, at the club in the evening; the merit of the amiable part of which he was as perfectly ignorant of, as, that tenderness of heart, and humanity of conduct, were consistent with the characters of a brave man and a soldier.

Mrs. Standard had lived chiefly with men. She was stiled one of the best sort of women in the world!—never so happy as when surrounded by half a regiment;—Harry of such a troop, Charles of the grenadiers, and dear little George of the Light Horse. Women she disliked, as they neither eat, nor drank, nor talked, in her stile; and were not sufficiently robust, to undergo the fatigue upon which she highly valued herself. The lieutenant had a small estate in that country, which induced

induced him to settle in the village of S**d, and no officers came within ten miles, but the lady invited honest Jack Such-a-one, of such a regiment, to dinner; and declared she was in heaven when the dear fellows were about her. To this lady did Miss Asp apply, as an old inhabitant and intimate friend of Miss Venom's; relating, circumstantially, the charming anecdote, with a few additions, necessary, we suppose, to the telling a story well;—as we find it universally practised!—

Mrs. Standard was surprized! not at the fact, but that it was possible a history so interesting as a neighbour's folly should not have transpired before.—“What the devil,” says the Captain's lady, “never heard of that affair of Miss Venom and the farmer's son, Joe Harrow?”—Come, my dear girl, sit down—here are some fine grapes—take a little shrub and water, the best thing when one is too cold, or too warm.—Miss Asp (though dying with impatience), accepted the offer, and

and placing herself in a bow-window, with the full view of the turnpike, and a man hanging in chains on the common, intreated Mrs. Standard to indulge her curiosity.—

“ I wish I may never see heaven,” says the Captain’s lady, “ if it is not the strangest thing in the world : well, I am so happy I shall have the telling the story ; they all came to advise with me, *and so*, I told them, *Miss* ought to marry Joe ; as fine a lad he was as ever stood in shoe leather, and would have made as brave a right-hand grenadier as any in the kingdom. Miss had money to buy him *up* !—‘ Money makes the mare to go :’—Joe might have had a regiment of his own, by this time—No fear of Joe, full six feet without shoes.”

“ But, my dear Mrs. Standard,” interrupted Miss Asp, “ What of Miss Venom ? ” “ Why, my dear girl, I will tell you how it was : ”——Mrs. Standard then related,

related, with illustrations, Miss Venom's indiscretions with the young farmer; the reception of which cannot be pleasing to the liberal mind, or the delicate female reader, who must feel wounded by every deviation from virtue in her own sex; suffice it to say, Miss Venom *should* have married the handsome farmer. She had remained fifteen years censorious and out of humour, when this hint fell from the good Vicar: He imagined it only known to herself, as every person present had many years since that period settled in the village: and, perhaps, Miss Asp was so fortunate to enquire of the only person in the town, who had it in her power to give the wished-for information.

Miss Venom, from her advantage of fortune, which was ten thousand pounds, and treble by report, was the first in all the little parties where expence was necessary: Her female friends therefore paid her court; and for these mean adulations they made themselves amends in her absence,

absence, by the pleasing relation of the anecdote of Miss Venom, and Joe Harrow; nor could the poor fellow's penitence, in his last moments, gain him any compassion from these obdurate females.

Mrs. Standard and Miss Asp were so agreeable to each other, that the conversation was not finished when Captain Standard returned with his friend, in whose presence, he observed his wife's face was always dressed in smiles: He therefore gave this gentleman a general invitation, and he was at present on one of his visits, which frequently lasted for two or three months at a time.—

The gentlemen attended Miss Asp home, where, to her great mortification, she heard her brother was arrived with another attorney, a Mr. Flam, whom she had been long endeavouring to draw into matrimony, and who, from the attractive magnetic powers of five thousand pounds, had actually forced himself to say, what
he

he called *tender things*. Miss Asp knew of their coming down, but the visit even of Mr. Flam escaped her memory. Such is the love of scandal in the breast of the malicious, that every other passion is in subordination to that all powerful influence!

Mr. Asp not finding his sister at home, carried his friend Mr. Flam for an hour to Miss Venom's. Her natural cast of countenance was stern and peevish, but she had fine teeth, which, with eternal smiles, made Miss Venom pass for lively and good humoured, by people who are little skilled in physiognomy, and form their judgment from the exterior.

The lady was all smiles at the appearance of these beaux from town.—She had met with a severe mortification from the sarcasm of the Vicar.—She had her own opinion of her friend Miss Asp's indispensable engagement. Miss Venom was candid enough to own, that she with pleasure,

sure, should have published any anecdote to the disadvantage of her dear Ruth, and had sense enough to see, she might expect an equal return of friendship and favour. *Matrimony* was her only card, her fortune could command in a country village; she was running over every single man in the parish; even the good Vicar was not omitted. Her own idea was, that money would purchase *every-thing*, and to buy a husband was determined;—when the door opened, and Mr. Asp and Mr. Flam were announced. How fortunate! Miss Venom pressed them to stay supper—gave them a small, but elegant repast.—She sung several songs, danced, and was all gaiety and good-humour. She might have married either of these gentlemen of the law. To Mr. Asp she was rather pleasing, as he was one of those men wholly engaged in their profession, and by seeing very little of women, imagined them, literally, the character they chose to assume.

Miss

Miss Venom had flattered herself with attaching the Squire at the White House—a rosy fox-hunter, with much health, little sense, no education, and a large estate: But of Mr. Lovechase, alas! she must give up every hope, from the fatal anecdote discovered by the Vicar. Candour obliges us to own, this had been a reverie only of the lady's imagination, and never once thought of by the gentleman; and helped to fill up the list of offers, which, when females arrive at a certain age, they declare to have been *oppressed with*.

But to return to the gentlemen of the law, Mr. Asp had the most money; his manner was agreeable, and his character as good as his profession would permit; when not engaged in it he was humane, and even in business endeavoured to avoid and leave to others the dishonest and dishonourable part. Mr. Flam had a very handsome face, his person was little, but what women call a pretty man; his education

cation had been under an uncle, who was a perfect pettyfogger : With such instructions, he learned to suppose all men rogues, and from his own heart, he ever imagined that to cheat and impose, was the end and aim of every action in life.*

Miss Venom was undetermined which should possess her valuable hand ; when in flew Miss Asp, with such a scream of voice and strong marks of jealousy in her face, that the determination in favour of Mr. Flam was immediate, as she saw it would torment her friend, and give the colour of disappointed malice to any story which might be related by Miss Asp. With these sentiments she redoubled her attentions to Mr. Flam ; and the young fellow, elevated by a woman of Miss Venom's fortune taking notice of him, total-

* It is hoped no illiberal general ideas will be annexed to Mr. Flam's character. The author of these memoirs can boast being known to some of the profession who possess integrity, honour, and politeness, as well as first-rate abilities.

ly neglected Miss Asp; who finding herself not necessary to the happiness or amusement of the party, gave repeated hints of the late hour, and at last forced the gentlemen away; but not till Miss Venom privately had found a moment to tell Mr. Flam she would sing him the Scotch song again, if he would breakfast with her - next morning.—By this she meant to fix her new lover (for in that light she considered him) before he heard the unfortunate story of her imprudence with the handsome young farmer; and then drew him after her (like Charmer in the Oracle) as a trophy of her victory.

Miss Asp, in female artifice, was her equal;—but not observing the whisper, deferred her entertaining history till the next morning, and then determined to break with her false friend.

Delays are as dangerous in love as war—To-morrow, ye generals, your enemy

my may gain the advantage!—to-morrow, ye lovers of yourselves and mischief, your best-laid schemes may be disconcerted!—Not that Miss Asp's having taken the present moment would have had any influence over Mr. Flam, or made the smallest alteration in his conduct: taught his ideas of life in a place where female delicacy is never thought of, the indiscretion of Miss Venom's extreme youth would have passed without even pity, and been heard with only careless indifference. Indeed it was Mr. Flam's opinion of women, that all equally committed imprudencies; the only difference was, that some are found out, others not; and a man had as good a chance for a virtuous wife, whose first acquaintance began from an adventure in the Strand, as from the wing of the most exemplary mother. Where money was concerned he thought the women, at all times, of no more estimation, than the farmer does the leather bag, which contains the money for which he has sold his pigs.

Of

Of this high value was Miss Venom in the soft ideas of Mr. Flam. Happily a stranger to these exalted sentiments, she retired to her repose in rapture, she had seduced the lover of her friend, and was enchanted with her triumph: This she enjoyed for some time, and then sunk into the arms of Morpheus, to dream of sub-pœnas, love, and parchments.

Miss Asp found her pillow strewed with thorns, and experienced that jealousy and rage were more corrosive to the heart than even envy and malice; but when planted together in the female breast, no wonder 'they murdered sleep!'^{*}—Miss Asp dozed in the morning longer than her usual hour: She imagined the gentlemen would have the complaisance to wait for her: she hurried on a becoming morning cap, but when she descended into the breakfast parlour, her brother was gone over to 'Squire Lovechase's, and Mr.

^{*} Macbeth,

Flam,

Flam, the enchanting Mr. Flam, had strolled out, they could not tell where.

We will leave Miss Asp to breakfast 'with what appetite she may;' and return to the Dudly party, who, in comparison, appear to be inhabitants of another world.

We left Mr. Mortimer and Lady Dudly in the utmost confusion at the animadversions of the malicious Miss Venom. The good-humoured Vicar continued talking that they might have time to recover themselves:—Mr. Mortimer, for the first time, discovered that what he had allowed himself to believe only admiration, for a person so highly amiable as Lady Dudly, was love, disguised even from himself;—a passion in extreme, which dreaded to offend, and still more to have the appearance of a mercenary, convenient attachment.—Happy would he have been if heir to the noble family estate, to have divided it with Lady Dudly.

ly. But what pretensions had a poor half-pay officer, unknown in a remote village? It was mean, and not to be thought of by a man whose honour was dearer to him than his life.

Lady Dudley's reflections were not more pleasing: perfectly informed of the malice of Miss Venom's insinuations, might not her partial attachment to *Julia* leave the same idea on minds for whom she had the highest respect? She found fault with every step of her own conduct, and was even wishing she had never noticed *Julia* by her particular favour. It was impossible, however, to continue these sentiments on her appearance, with that beauty and bewitching softness, which claimed protection from such a mind as Lady Dudley's.

The lovely *Julia* advanced, followed by a beautiful gun-spaniel.—He was her constant companion; at night he slept at the door of her chamber; would not eat but
from

from her hand ; lay at her feet ; and when she sung, leaned his fine head on her lap, looking up to her angelic face, as if he understood music, equal to friendship and fidelity.

A favourite was in the number of unfavourable amusements, of which Julia was deprived by the particularity of her father. —Mr. Mortimer thought tenderness, in the female heart, the most fatal enemy to its peace and happiness. He had for this reason utterly forbid, in Julia's childhood, birds and animals. He looked with dread to that compassion which filled her eyes with tears, on the appearance of distress in every thing which had life. He knew in the world there were *men* ; who wait to take advantage of the best of feelings of the heart, and plunge in misery that sensibility, which ought to engage their protection and love. —

How the spaniel had found his way, was not to be accounted for. —He was

suffered to remain;—Julia concealed her affection for him, but had been seen to caress him by an old woman who had lived with Julia from her infancy, and was, with a village girl, the only servant Mr. Mortimer's small fortune allowed.

Julia enquired of Lady Dudley if she was well, with that anxious voice as when we fear for what we love.—Lady Dudley, sensible the traits of vexation might still remain on her face, assumed a smiling aspect, and assured her young friend she was well.

The distance was little more than a mile to Dudley Park. The weather partook of all the rich autumnal odours—the moon rose behind the hanging wood on the side of the river—the beams played on the water—the evening serene—the lowing of the cattle—the church on the rising hill—and the cottages at a distance, gave a pastoral appearance to the scene. The Vicar praised the evening, with all the enthusiasm

thufiasm of poetry, and feeing Mr. Mortimer, durft not offer his arm, as ufual, to Lady Dudley, concluded with prefenting his (in a gay manner) as her Cicifbeo.

This flight of the worthy Vicar's was a relief to both. Mr. Mortimer and Lady Dudley, confcious of the tendernes of their attachment, could not venture on thofe freedoms, which, with the indifferent, are of too little confequence to engage a moment's thought. Lady Dudley accepted the Vicar's arm with great good-humour, and thus the amiable party began to recover that chearfulnefs the malice of a malignant mind had interrupted.

The evening, and the fucceeding days, were fpent in mutual intercourfe of efteem, heightened by good fenfe, and rendered lafting by good-breeding, without which, freedom descends to brutality.

The autumn is, perhaps, the moft delightful feafon of the year in England.

In the mornings, they made frequent excursions, sometimes on horseback; at others, Mr. Mortimer drove Lady Dudley in the cabriole. The Vicar accompanied the gentle Julia, and with all the vivacity he was master of strove to entertain her. The evenings were passed in music and conversation; nor were cards once thought of, that leveller of the man of wit and sense with the idiot—the resource of ignorance, avarice, and folly.

Mr. Mortimer and Lady Dudley were happy—a situation which never lasts!—They could not doubt of that affection for each other, which does honour to the mind to entertain, or the heart to feel. Mr. Mortimer was in a dream of happiness, from whence, he scarce breathed lest he should awake. He saw the lady loved him. Did he not aspire to her friendship? From his assuming the lover, was he not forfeiting every pretension to her esteem?

These thoughts would intrude, and shook his whole frame.—Was it the part
of

of a man of honour (in his situation) to insinuate himself into the affections of a woman, amiable and worthy ;—a lot superior to his limited fortune ?

These reflections forced their tormenting influence upon his mind, after one of their morning airings, in which they had been particularly agreeable to each other. At dinner, Lady Dudley observed the traits of wretchedness left on his countenance :—she varied her powers of pleasing—he smiled, but was unhappy.

While they were at table, a card was brought to Lady Dudley :

CARD.

“ Lady Betty Frail presents compliments to Lady Dudley, requests the honour of her company to a *ball* and supper, Sept. 18th.”

This was accompanied by cards, in form, to the rest of the party.—

Lady Dudly read the card aloud,—at the word *ball*, Mr Mortimer gnashed his teeth—trembled—recovered just to give a look of misery extreme,—and flew into the park.

Lady Dudly was terrified—the gentle Julia hung her head—and the Vicar thought instantaneous insanity had seized his brain, and that it was charity to follow him.

Since it is the method of the world to desert, and leave to 'Providence's care,'* their friends, in time of wretchedness or misfortunes, *we are too polite* not to follow such fashionable examples, and take up the gay and successful, however unworthy or ridiculous. As Miss Venom appears in that line, we there fore fly to her levee, leaving

* Pope.

leaving Lady Dudley and poor Julia miserable, as envy ever wished deserving merit.

Not on the wings of love, but as fast as a pair of short legs with long strides would permit, Mr. Flam arrived at Miss Venom's. The early hour on the part of the gentleman declared his impatience, and determined, no hurry *necessary* for the lady. The hurry of the toilet was not neglected; and after a full hour, Miss Venom descended (all arrayed in virgin white) to the expecting Mr. Flam. He met her at the door—felt a *little*—but thought *extreme* rapture was to be the mode of his address, after the encouragement he had received the preceding evening.

The Lady had planned her behaviour, recollecting the horrid calumny (for in that light she chose to place the adventure of the farmer's son) which she had no doubt of having been related to her lover. She

therefore endeavoured to recover all her modesty, both *stolen* and *strayed*; and the whole time of breakfast, entertained him with such infant innocence, that poor Flam (notwithstanding his profession) was near becoming humble and modest, and retiring, with an utter misbelief of every sense he was master of.

Miss Venom saw her error before it was too late—she sung the Scotch air with still more taste, and by degrees descended from the goddess:—mere women, Mr. Flam could converse with:—he made his declaration in form, and being in the habit of telling untruths, pleaded a long and hopeless passion. *Women* will believe the effects of their charms from *nine* to *ninety*! Miss Venom was rejoiced she had no room to fear a revolt, or the engaging Mr. Flam's returning again as lover to Miss Asp, for whom she professed the most perfect friendship; but it grieved her to be forced to mention a foible in this *beloved friend*, which was, inventing untruths, and relating

relating them of *her sincere friends*. For her own part, having escaped, must have been the infinite circumspection of her whole life ; but from the flattering preference of Mr. Flam, (which she so long had secretly wished) she now began to fear she should suffer from Miss Asp's invention ; as it was evident to every body, she wanted, herself, ' to take him in,' and draw him into matrimony.

" Never liked her in my life !" replied Mr. Flam, " or thought a *civil thing* ; but would she durst utter a sentence against *you*," continued the enraged Flam, " I would punish her for *scandalum magnatum* ! —and whatever she may think, make her stand in the church in a white sheet, like Lady C**.

What is the champion of England, with his gauntlet, to such a champion as Mr. Flam, with his *scandalum magnatum*, and ' bill of costs ?'

The

The happy pair having settled every thing,—even the marriage day :—for the gentleman was importunate, and thought where money was concerned ‘ delays were dangerous.’—The lady blushed, and consented, ‘ nothing loth.’*

Perfectly certain, that each had put off *a bad bargain*, and gained a valuable prize, we will leave them a few moments to return to Miss Asp.

This lady, surrounded by suspicion, jealousy, love, and malice, had recourse to tears, the last resource of female eloquence ;—when the prim daughters of the apothecary (who had been of Miss Venom’s party the preceding evening) just made their call, to give an eye of inspection, and relate their own intelligence.—

“ Well, never tell me,” squalled Miss Gargle, “ how fortunate some folks be!—

* Milton.

worse people talk, better luck they
———Think :———Miss Venom in a
white frock, with the handsome Joe Har-
row ! I see'd a person myself, who knew
one, who a person told it too, who see'd
Miss her own self go into the barn—and
come out of the barn !——But mind what
fate is :——*They say*, she is going to be mar-
ried to the sweetest, prettiest gentleman
——so like a Lord ;——for that matter, he
talks of *never so many* lords and dukes too.”
“ I will never believe it,” interrupted Miss
Asp, vexed at the very mention of a mar-
riage for her dear friend. “ Very true,”
continued Miss Gargle, determined to
add to her vexation ;——“ and then, he had
such great business, and is of such a good
family. But *you joke* : why *you must know*,
when Mr. Flam came *for to stay* at your
house, it was on purpose to make his ad-
dresses to Miss Venom.”——

Miss Asp could no longer conceal her
mortification ;——she burst into tears——made
these girls perfect confidants——owned she
had

had expected Mr. Flam to declare himself—told all he had said, and all he had *looked* for the last twelve months, and concluded she was the most wretched of women.

Miss Eliza Gargle had some degree of good-nature, and imagined the seeing him go across the green that morning to Miss Venom's was mere accident; (for she knew every other sentence to be the fertile invention of her sister's ingenious brain;) Eliza therefore proposed they should call on Miss Venom: this overjoyed the elder Miss Gargle, who seconded the happy thought.—She had lived her whole life on wormwood; *her face* had protected her from those insulting flatterers, which if they keep pretty women in good humour, are frequently destructive to virtue; on the immaculate purity of which, Miss Gargle highly valued herself; and was not without hopes, that still, some man might be found, disgusted by imprudent beauty, who would allow the merit of chastity,

chastity, to the high preservation of *bones* covered with the yellowest parchment.

Not having a doubt but they should find Mr. Flam still on his visit to Miss Venom, she hurried the forsaken fair-one; —when, dreadful to relate! the servant informed them, Miss Venom was gone airing with *Counsellor* Flam.

The good natured Eliza absolutely forced Miss Asp from the door, for she was near fainting; this was matter of amusement to the eldest sister, who pursued them with a loud idiot laugh.

When they came to the green, Eliza made her sit on a bench; and whispered, not to mind her sister, for she did not believe Mr. Flam was going to be married.—But Miss Asp saw her fate; the preceding evening had greatly alarmed her fears, as no opportunity had offered to throw in that valuable anecdote, which, with

with any other man than Mr. Flam, might have had the desired effect.

Every trifle augments a recent mortification—"Gone to take the air"—in the *very gig* she had heard so much of—the wheels *true brimstone* at *her own* request. She wept in a manner to have excited compassion in every breast, where her own obnoxious character was not known. Eliza's tears flowed from pity; so little are the young and innocent acquainted with the real worth of those friendships, which it is natural for the warmth of a good heart to aspire to!

! Miss Asp. recovered sufficiently to recollect *her brother* was a more eminent attorney than Mr. Flam: It was some consolation. Miss Venom's fortune might be reduced by *paying* for this breach of vows, both false and perjured, as she called them. Never recollecting the meanness of being paid for heart-felt affliction, and equally a stranger, that a man of honour cannot be
lost

lost but by ill conduct, which justifies his desertion. Contemptible in every sentiment, she derived comfort only from the thoughts of revenge:—Though false and treacherous in herself, Miss Asp had sense enough to see how she was favoured by the pity of the young Eliza, and pressed her to spend the day with her. Miss Gargle left them, as she had no person to join in her unfeeling shouts of laughter: She therefore entertained the whole village, by relating, that Miss Asp was dying for Mr. Flam, who thought her *frighful*, and was flirting with Miss Venom. Miss Gargle never mentioned the marriage, nor did she imagine there was any foundation for it, except her own invention; and from the same malignant disposition, would have pined at the prospect of happiness of any of her dear friends. Highly should we respect that reader who turns disgusted from this description, and throws the book into the fire, as a sketch of a monster out of nature.

Miss

Miss Gargle fully succeeded in making her friend the subject of conversation and ridicule for some days, till the transactions of Dudley Park furnished fresh topics. But as we think we have deserted merit sufficiently to convince our reader we are conversant in polite life, we return to them:—

We left the wretched Mr. Mortimer, in a state which had perfectly convinced the good Vicar, his senses were affected: Lady Dudley was petrified with surprize! Julia shedding torrents of tears, the spaniel, on seeing his mistress's affliction, put his beautiful spotted paws in her lap, and looking up to her face, joined his lamentations; Julia caressed him with uncommon fondness, partook of her father's frenzy, and vowed no power on earth should take him from her.

Lady Dudley saw there was some mystery, of which, though unable to account for, she dreaded an explanation. Julia,
with

with all the softness that ever adorned the female character, was, as she thought, surprisingly animated; Lady Dudley knew she might depend on the Vicar's friendship and goodness, and was certain every comfort would be administered to the unhappy father. She feared Julia had been indiscreet, but in what manner one so young and entirely excluded from the world could err, was not to be devised.

Lady Dudley's tenderness used every soothing expression of friendship, without entering into particulars; it was her maxim, 'afflictions are our own; and that no intimacy can authorise the tearing open the wounds of an oppressed heart.' By this gentleness, (for which Julia kissed her hands a thousand times, and bathed them with tears, in silent but expressed gratitude) Lady Dudley partly recovered the serenity of Julia's fine face, and fortunately one of those rural intimates dropped in who are welcome when we are tired.

ed of ourselves, and sick of those thoughts which will intrude on our memory.

Mrs. Winter had seen something of the world, and knew it was her place to amuse, without being inquisitive, in a scene where it was evident every one was disconcerted; by her entertaining good sense, and never relating either her observations, or *conjectures*, she was highly esteemed and respected by the best families in the neighbourhood.

Lady Dudley thought well of Mrs. Winter, and received her with her usual kindness; the gentlemen returned—joined them soon after—and when the tea was over, and a sprightly conversation between the Vicar and Mrs. Winter, Lady Dudley proposed whist; the pleasure with which every one joined the party, was a proof how unfit every one thought themselves for music or conversation.

Mrs. Winter spent the evening, which went off better than could be expected. Lady
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dy Dudley strove to appear as usual, and partly succeeded. Mr. Mortimer scarcely spoke, but treated Lady Dudley with tender respect, as if *this* was his *duty*, which at times filled his eyes with tears. Julia was thoughtful, gentle, and timid. The Vicar and Mrs. Winter, from the same good-natured motive, exerted themselves; but each individual was happy when the hour came for retiring to the freedom of their own thoughts.

Lady Dudley was too much disconcerted to find her bed a place of rest. She arose, and saw in the Park the Vicar, walking, in earnest discourse, with Mr. Mortimer, who by his gestures appeared sometimes in a rage, at others absorbed in grief.—To leave the window was impossible, after what had the appearance of instruction on Mr. Mortimer's part, and asseveration on the Vicar's: they embraced and parted. At that moment, Lady Dudley felt she should see him no more!—all was lost!—the world a void, in which each

each view to her no interest could claim. "But he has left me his child," exclaimed she, in despair.—"Ah! perhaps, Julia has flown from me. Julia's chamber was through Lady Dudley's dressing room; she went softly, fearful of every thing; at the door found the faithful Juba, who, though he testified his friendship, would not suffer her to pass. Lady Dudley concluded his beloved mistress was there, and returned to her apartment, to find relief in heartfelt tears.

Why was she so punished? was the repining exclamation of frail humanity. The Christian submits without a murmur to the correcting hand of the all-wise Providence, who denies our wishes for our benefit. Hard this lesson to learn in the first spring of the passions, to which understanding, fortitude, and even religion, give place. Lady Dudley recollected the rectitude of her whole life. What was fortune? Small must be that affection which feels too proud to be obliged by those

we love; her estate was large: what was the value to her? a steward for others, without the wages of peace of mind. Lady Dudley remembered poor Julia's distress; well *she* knew that the tender passions alone weaken every faculty, and throw the mind into despair

Lady Dudley determined to gain Julia's confidence; but was she worthy the character of a monitor, who was *thus* a slave to her own feelings?—"Am I not the widow of the most respectable of men;—blessed with the world's esteem and valuable friendship? If Mr. Mortimer is worthy my good opinion, fortune cannot separate us; if he is not, I must pity the man who has only the appearance of virtues, on which time and observation could not stamp a value, and give to my friendship, as an estimable object of everlasting esteem." With these reflections Lady Dudley *endeavoured* to compose herself, and wait for the intelligence which the Vicar had to inform her of at breakfast.

Julia

Julia passed her hours with the torment of her own reflections: Fear and bashfulness prevented her confidence in Lady Dudley. Her father she loved to adoration, but dreaded some traits in his character. Julia saw the Vicar walking under the shady elms, and joined him.—Lady Dudley observed them, and imagined their conversation was of the most interesting nature.—When she could not support suspense any longer, she sent to let them know breakfast was ready.

Julia and the Vicar entered the saloon.—He presented a letter from Mr. Mortimer—Lady Dudley knew the hand, and trembled.

The Vicar, who wished, if possible, to guard the hearts of those he loved from every ray of wretchedness, assumed a gallant air, “My rival Madam, was obliged to retire for a few days, but his request was, that I would pay my devoirs so equally to each lady, that he might not find
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the fatal effects of jealousy at his *return*." He concluded with a bow of humour.

Lady Dudley and Julia blessed him in their hearts for his attentive good-nature; they had both almost dreaded the morning light. Thus are frequently our miseries augmented by the force of imagination.

The ladies recovered their spirits, affected to become rivals for the good Vicar, and a thousand gay lively sallies passed in an agreeable conversation.

When Lady Dudley was alone, she read the letter from Mr. Mortimer, which was as follows:

" I go, Madam, to be plunged in misery or find relief, to hope for happiness; a short time determines my fate. Guard, amiable Lady Dudley, that treasure of my life, my Julia! and judge, if possible, favourably of a man, whose first wish is,

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to have the honour of your tender esteem."

Lady Dudley thought this letter mysterious—it gave her pain. She recollected his military preferment, and his unhappiness at his just rank being withheld from him by superior parliamentary interest: this was of little moment to Lady Dudley. She hinted her sentiments to the Vicar the first opportunity, but found him to a degree reserved. He replied, in a few days, he expected some papers from Mr. Mortimer, which he should take care to deliver to her Ladyship, and then changed the discourse.

This answer determined Lady Dudley to make her own breast, in future, the only repository of her secrets. Julia, from every motive, claimed her tenderest attention, and in the fear some improper person might gain admittance, not approved of by Mr. Mortimer, she resolved to make no visits, or receive any, but

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in the small circle of their own neighbourhood.

As the incidents will become interesting at Dudley Park, we shall dispatch those common characters of the world, Miss Venom and Miss Asp, which ladies we left determined to give all the torture to Mr. Flam that their malice, or the law's pleasure could inflict.

Mr. Asp was highly piqued at his sister's relation. He had entertained at supper a partial preference for the lady- *herself*, and conceived the breakfast as an intrusion of boldness from Mr. Flam. As for the marriage, he thought this report the result of a jealous surmise, and impossible, from Miss Venom's delicacy. Miss Asp repeated the village story, with every addition or conjecture imaginable; shewed Mr. Flam's letters, which amounted to no more than that an attorney had broke his word; but had no one letter, which gave *the law* of her side.

The young ladies dined in Miss Asp's dressing-room. Mr. Asp received Mr. Flam very coldly, and taxed him with deceiving his sister, by pretending addresses, when he heard he had made proposals that very day to Miss Venom.—Mr. Flam did not expect this sudden attack.—Fortunately he was of a profession not to be disconcerted. He prevaricated a little (by way of mere practice) but in regard to Miss Asp, he utterly denied all he had said ;—" at any time letters were *nothing*—as he always *expected* to leave women, he hoped he knew better than to write *any* which might be brought into *court* against *himself*." Mr. Flam was so elevated by his success, as even to own he was to be married in a few days.

Mr. Asp, with great coolness, requested he would take himself to some other place, lest correction should follow ; nor further claim an acquaintance where he had been treated with civilities, to which he had no pretensions. And so much was Mr. Asp offended,

offended, that twenty years afterward, (when he sat on the bench as judge) he was observed to cast a severe eye on his old acquaintance Sam Flam, who was arraigned for inserting his own name in a will for a considerable legacy, but escaped by one of his own *quirks*, which, though evident to justice, was notwithstanding, allowable *in law*.

Mr. Asp was concerned for his sister, who he advised to change the scene by a visit to her aunt Medler, fifty miles distant, till a short time had made her recollect how fortunate she might think herself, by escaping a man deficient in every merit or virtue.

Young ladies may amuse themselves, in dressing Mrs. Flam as their bride, for the assembly, according to their own fancy; suffice it to say, no expence was omitted; and the lady *shone* far above her rank in a silver muslin lined with white tulle, (as Demi-Saison.)—The bridal

visits frequently close the scene of matrimonial happiness; and from the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Flam, we must conclude their life spent in corrosive misery, to which it is justice to leave them, and we are concerned that experience furnishes such portraits for public view.

Lady Dudley was determined in her resolution of paying no visits in the absence of Mr. Mortimer.—They spent their time in airing with the Vicar in the Phaeton, walking, fishing, music, and conversation; in which, Mrs. Winter was become an addition to their party.

The Vicar's chief happiness was to restore peace to the wounded heart, and chase away despair. Thinking he perceived a cloud of anxious care on the brow of his fair friends, he began to relate (in a ludicrous stile) a short history of himself, which he determined to publish; as when he was in town last, he left every person *distracted* to read the *Follies* of their neighbours,

bours, which forced from their mind, as far as possible, any recollection of *their own*. His title should be 'Travels and learned observations through every part of the known and unknown world, in air, on water, and land, by Dr. Charles Cassock, Vicar of S****.

First, he said, he should illustrate the ancient family of the Cassocks, of which, their numerous progeny, had been many reduced to scarce a black fringe.—Then he should endeavour to place in the strongest light, the great merit and prophetic wisdom of the learned gentleman, (subject of the following pages) who, to have his cassock *durable*, took care it should *ever* be *well-lined*. His profound knowledge was allowed superior to *any*, except a *few*, too tedious to enumerate. Even his enemies must acknowledge his person beautiful, and faultless, except a slouch in his gait, and a happy round in his shoulders. Having spent fifteen years at Brazen-Nose, he there learned to play

back-gammon and chess, which games were the delight of a worthy old gentleman, whom he frequently visited in that neighbourhood! and who, for these profound and learned talents *only*, recommended *him to follow* (in the literal sense of the word) his nephew, (a young Lord) through all the courts in Europe. History does not mention that either of them obtained great improvement, except a passion for pictures in the tutor, which he never had money to purchase; and in the pupil a passion for fine women, which he did purchase—to his cost! This Mentor and Telemachus, after running wild three years, without leaving one mark of their *good works* behind them, returned to England, on the news of the death of the old Earl, whom the son immediately forgot, and likewise his sage preceptor; who paid a visit of respect to his good old uncle, where backgammon received due honours, and who rejoiced to find the *travelled tutor* had not forgot the beauties of his own country. To this worthy patron he owes
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the vicarage of S——, and five thousand pounds, by will, as he expressed, to feed little Cassocks. But this unworthy member of society remains to this day, unblest and unblest—till he meets a woman, with good looks without beauty, sense without self-opinion, wit without pertness, œconomy without meanness. To these little perfections he must say he has full pretensions, with a few other trifles—such as, good-temper, some youth, (for he has no susceptibility for an old woman, except he is sick) and a sufficient quantity of good liking for him:—Such a woman might possibly draw this *wise* Vicar of S—— into that *holy state*, in which, notwithstanding, there are so many *repenting sinners*.

The ladies were pleased with the good Vicar's veracity. Lady Dudly promised to find him just such a wife as he described: Mrs. Winter blushed at being called on by the Vicar to give her assistance, and declared it was impossible to find in the world

HISTORY OF THE

a *counterpart* of such an odd being as himself.—As the whole party were well-bred, they ventured on raillery; their politeness, and sincere esteem, preventing any danger of enlarging where they might offend.

After some time spent in mutual good-humour, a servant of Lady Betty Frail rode up the park, to inform Lady Dudley, that Lady Betty, Mr. Frail, Sir Benjamin Pliant, his sisters, with Sir Ralph Mildew, were coming to wait on her Ladyship, and make a party at loo.

Lady Dudley could not refuse these near neighbours, and as they brought their own party, she should have no difficulty to find them amusement. She had only to give orders for the drawing-room to have as much the appearance of a winter assembly as possible, and to be careful to shut out the *setting sun*.

Mr.

Mr. Frail had accumulated an immense fortune, by those means, which, according to our old-fashioned laws, cannot fail of bringing vulgar men to the gibbet; but such trifling crimes as rapine and murder, were not thought sufficient to impede a proposal of marriage to a Right Honourable for his daughter; nor was the sacrifice much, for Lady Betty only saw him in a crowd. Wealth is certain of the adulation of the mean pusillanimous multitude, and Lady Betty's extreme passion for play filled *her house*, (for he never presumed to call it *his*) with company, from the convenient *Demurep* of no consequence, up to the first in rank, beauty, and elegance.

Sir Benjamin Pliant had a large estate, and the character of a good sort of man—took great care of the laws for preserving the game—had the best claret in the country—and complimented all gentlemen, who were *qualified*, with shooting even in his park.—He had been known to threaten
a poor

a poor man with jail, and take away his gun for killing a single partridge for his wife's dinner, who was dying of a consumption.

This strict observer of our game laws had been many succeeding sessions in the honourable house of Commons. Sir Benjamin had a voice, but that voice consisted of *one monosyllable*, expressly directed by the *Great Man*;—however, *this* gained him consequence among his neighbours; and if he never presumed to open his mouth with an opinion in *the House* in town, in *his own* in the country, Sir Benjamin was thought *the oracle* with the gentlemen round him.

High was his importance lately with the *Great man*, being one of the *faggots* * in the *Great man's muster-roll*; which, from a certain popular Right Hon. Gentleman's gaining numbers on his side, the *Great Man* thought of humbly presenting Sir Benjamin

* Fagget, a military well-known term.

min to be made a Lord, (*one Lord making three faggots, and being full that value*) but the *Great Man* began to fear, that the number of *new Lords* might reduce their *value*, to even *not one fagget* ; and obliterate entirely the *honourable name of Old English Gentleman* ; little *understood*, and nearly *obsolete* in this country :——

Lady Betty and her party arriving soon after, were *enchanted* at the sight of chandeliers, card-tables, and every appearance of a London assembly.—Lady Betty was charmed with Julia ; she gazed with surprise, (for even a woman may admire beauty in her own sex) till that fiend *envy*, the destruction of many virtues in the female breast, shed over her its baneful influence. She then enquired, with a careless haughty air, who that young girl was ?

Lady Dudley, shocked at her unpoliteness and insolence, replied with a surprised and cold air, that it was a young lady
who

who did her the honour of a visit.——
 “Beautiful indeed ! exclaimed Sir Ralph Mildew, who had been looking some time through his glass, with his one eye, (*ever at the service of beauty*)—“ I am sure *you are blind*” screamed both the sisters—“ Ridiculous,” cried Miss Penelope Pliant, “ You who have *seen beauty*, (casting a soft look at her own face in the glass) cannot think much of a nose as strait as one’s fan, long cat eyes without fire, a little mimping mouth, and no complexion on earth.—Every creature is frightful who does not wear *rouge*.”—“ Well,” rejoined the good Vicar, “ you remember, Miss Penelope, what Pope tells you, that

“ Painted, or not painted, all must fade,

“ And she who scorns a man must die a maid.”

“Why,” continued the Vicar, “ bait the hook, if you do not *mean* to catch the *fish* ?”

“ Oh ! you—you are absolutely a black bear ;” squalled both the sisters : “ all *ton*,
 and

and beautiful women, wear quantities of *rouge*.”—“ I must contradict that assertion ;” interrupted Sir Ralph, “ the most lovely of women, high in virtue as she is in rank, is as superior to art as she is to malice.”—The Vicar, tired of a conversation, where he found, to *merit praise* was the certain way to find *detraction*, left them to cut into whist.

Mrs. Winter played for Lady Dudley. —A loo party was made, and every one engaged according to their inclinations.

Julia went through the saloon;—the moon was at the full, and shone bright on the terrace—the weather remarkably warm—she went to the end, and sat under a large tree, contemplating her perplexed situation, with *Juba*, the faithful Juba, her constant companion.—

At the end of the rubber, Mrs. Winter went to look for Julia, whom she saw in earnest discourse with a young man. He fell on his knees before her, and kissed

ed her hand in a most passionate manner :—They sat down—Julia took a letter—the conversed some time. Mrs. Winter was going up to them, when the moon broke through a cloud, and discovered her to the lovers. The man flew through the hedge ; and Julia walked *up* to the disturber of her peace, and passed her with a *cold curtsy*.

Mrs Winter had not uttered a sentence, but was the statue of surprize. Julia she thought had a composed dignity, wonderful in one so young.—The man she had seen ; and going up to the seat Julia had quitted, found an old peasant's hat, with part of a nosegay. She took the hat away with her—she wanted proof, even to herself, to believe Julia imprudent.—Could Julia! *the amiable Julia*, form an attachment so unworthy ? To exclude girls from the world, leaves them to the softness of their own hearts, fills their young heads with romance, and gives fancied charms even to the rustic peasant. What intelligence to afflict Lady Dudley with!

But

But Mrs. Winter would have thought herself unworthy her friendship to have concealed this extraordinary adventure.

The company supped, and played late—the family (of which Mrs. Winter was become one) immediately retired to rest.

Mrs. Winter determined, after breakfast, to speak to Lady Dudley; and not from a false affection to Julia conceal her misconduct. But in the morning a message came, that not being very well, Lady Dudley begged her friends would excuse her at breakfast. The whole party was rendered unhappy by this indisposition. The Vicar proposed fishing, as a silent amusement.—Julia was happy to retire to her own thoughts.—The Vicar and Mrs. Winter, from feeling for their friends, had sufficient subject for contemplation.

At dinner, Lady Dudley sent to desire Mrs. Winter would take her place at table.

table. This second message made Julia unhappy, till the Vicar informed her he had delivered some papers of consequence to Lady Dudley, which must call for an exertion of that fortitude and infinite goodness she was so much mistress of.

Mrs. Winter determined Julia should be the whole day under her own eye. Towards evening, as they were strolling in the park, Julia grew visibly unhappy, and kept behind ;—Mrs. Winter, with a provoking politeness, walked her pace. The good Vicar, always wishing to accommodate himself to what was most pleasing, walked when they walked, stopped when they stopped. Julia's bloom arose to crimson—she was *dumb*.—The Vicar rallied his young friend on her taciturnity.

We are drawing Julia, a character from nature—a charming human being, but *no angel*. Were these now, indeed, to bless our world, they would scarcely be complimented with a chair in a box at the opera, or one ticket for a subscription masquerade

ade from any of the clubs.—The fashionable world, with care, conceal their virtues.

Julia's situation, was not enviable : wholly disconcerted by Mrs. Winter's strict observation ; as if the danger were equal from the innocent deer in the park, as from the formidable *bucks* at a camp ball.

When they came near the house, Mrs. Winter relaxed a little from her vigilance. She saw a boy about eight years old, looking for something.—“What do you want, child?” enquired Mrs. Winter. “ I am looking for the gardener's knife,” replied the boy, “ he dropped it among these shrubs.”—“ Here is your knife,” returned Julia, “ under this rose tree.” Julia and the boy stooped—and Mrs. Winter saw Julia put a letter in her pocket.

Thus, in one moment, by two children, was the circumspection and wisdom of Mrs. Winter defeated ; who, from absolute ill-temper, abused the little boy, and

and was certain Lady Dudly would never keep such idle fellows in her family. The good Vicar, according to his usual method, took the part of the oppressed, laboured to prove it was the gardener who lost the knife was the idle fellow, and not the poor little boy,—who was so overjoyed, he ran away immediately.

Julia being engaged in a clandestine amour, hurt Mrs. Winter extremely; but she thought Lady Dudly the proper person to take the steps that were necessary; and the next day, sick or well, determined to acquaint her with every circumstance.

The gentle Julia recovered her placid countenance; (for beauty is ever compatible with peace of mind:)—Such magical powers did this fair enamorata find, in a few lines, written by a pen, which we are informed is always plucked from the wing of Cupid.

The next morning Lady Dudley came down to breakfast, 'the ghost of her former self.' She appeared reduced by a severe illness, about which (as the Vicar took no notice) no person enquired. Lady Dudley ever had the same mild complacency of manners. As the weather was remarkably fine, though the first of September, Lady Dudley proposed they should breakfast in the tent.—A most refreshing shower had fallen among the shrubs, which filled that enchanting spot with odoriferous sweets.

After breakfast, the Vicar took up Thomson's seasons; while the ladies were employed at their different works, the Vicar was reading that beautiful description of the Thunder-Storm, 'The mistress killed in her lover's arms:' it brought tears into the eyes of the fair Julia. At that moment they were surprised at the report of a gun—a loud scream—and then a groan.—Julia's favourite spaniel howled; but at the groan he tore
the

the ground to fly;—the report was so near, the ladies were alarmed!—the Vicar ran to give his assistance.— Julia, from the agony of her spaniel, fainted—and Lady Dudly (after what she had gone through lately) could hardly support her own life.

A scene so full of distress could only be surpassed by the return of the Vicar, assisting a gentleman to support a young man desperately wounded in the head, and apparently dying; they carried him to the couch in the tent. The spaniel followed, licking the hand which fell from his side.

Julia opened her eyes—screamed!—broke from her friends—threw herself at his feet; and then was again deprived of sense.—Every assistance was given the young gentleman: His age appeared about twenty; he was dressed in an elegant shooting dress; his own gun had burst, which occasioned the fatal accident.—His person was of the middle size, finely formed;

formed ; and his face, even in that situation, beautiful ; his hair was pale brown, without powder ; and by a natural degree of curl, rendered (in his present style of dress) uncommonly becoming ; his fine eyes had the expression of an uncontaminated heart ; and when he gazed on his Julia, they beamed with softness and passion, corrected by the purest love.

The gentleman who was with him, might be about thirty ; his person not remarkable, but his manner insinuating, and well bred. The wounded gentleman's name was Brown : He came to that part of the country for the shooting season, and his intention was, to beg the favour of being permitted to shoot in Lady Dudley's manor ; he was following the servant to the tent, to make this request, when the fatal accident happened.

Mr. Walder gave this relation of his friend, after the ladies and servants attended Julia into the house ; and the gentlemen

men were waiting for the surgeon, who was immediately sent for. Juba's distress was extreme; he flew from the young gentleman after Julia to her chamber—stayed a moment—returned to lick his hand, and express his misery—then flew again to his beloved mistress; and in this manner alternately.

When the surgeon arrived and examined the wound, he pronounced a recovery scarce possible; but as extreme quiet was indispensable, he was carried on the couch to an apartment near Julia; where we must leave him, and endeavour to account for the afflictions which appeared too extreme even for Lady Dudley's mind to support.

From Mrs. Winter's relation of the two last days, there was every reason to imagine this young gentleman was the same who wore the peasant's habit, and conversed with Julia the evening of lady Betty Frail's card party. This determined love-attachment

attachment in the young people was evident. Julia ! left in the most solemn manner to her care : “ Guard, amiable Lady Dudley, the treasure of my life, my Julia ! ”
—A lover has been brought into her house.—How could she answer this, to a man tremblingly alive to the smallest fully on his honour ? or how refuse him a bed, when by the surgeon’s opinion his life immediately depended on it ?

Julia was dangerously ill. Was it against the child of her heart her doors were to be shut ? The young man was undoubtedly disapproved by Mr. Mortimer : some gay, worthless man of fashion, with an Adonis’s face, which had captivated her young mind : and for this unfortunate attachment the father had entreated her to guard his child, his darling Julia !
“ Is not his tender heart already broke with wretchedness ? Has not his honour forced him to confide in my breast his misery ? Did not he see my attachment to
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him, and flee, to secure my mind *in peace*?" In saying these words, Lady Dudley was overwhelmed with tears; a proof that her *peace of mind* had not been so well preserved as her prudence was willing to imagine.

Evident it was, Mr. Mortimer had (from a point of honour) quitted a scene of calm felicity, to plunge into tempestuous wretchedness; yet such was Julia's father: to be sooner able to tear himself from the woman he loved, than not start with horror at the bare idea of giving sorrow to a heart, which it was not in his power to make happy. By placing unlimited confidence in this amiable woman, he formed a guard against himself, and might, from her goodness, plead again pretensions to her friendship. This determined him to leave Dudley Park, write the circumstances of his life, and inclose them to the Vicar; which arrived the morning after the card party brought by Lady Betty Frail. In the letter, Mr. Mortimer

timer requested the packet might be given into Lady Dudley's hands immediately. The good Vicar felt infinite pain; he knew what a heart must experience attached with the tenderness and generosity of Lady Dudley; but he likewise was well informed of her strength of mind; a fortitude which ever nobly supports its own dignity, from a sense of having acted *right*.—With a prayer to heaven, to endue her with resolution to endeavour to bear a disappointment the more poignant, as the mind is from softness ill prepared to sustain its force, he tapped at her dressing-room door.

It was one of the particularities of the good Vicar to feel an additional respect for persons in affliction.—The man of the world will remember we are drawing a *clerical* character, or we should blush at our ignorance not to substitute the broad grin, loud laugh, with raillery on low spirits, kindly prophesying ill success to every plan

plan—then advising some other diametrically opposite to your feelings, talents, or rank; with a description of their own pleasures, amusements, and good fortune. *This* is the address of modern friends:—but the old-fashioned Vicar's heart sunk at those smiles he was sensible would soon be turned into tears.

Lady Dudley saw the packet, and knew the hand. The Vicar presented the paper, and reminded her, that if Mr. Mortimer had met with uncommon misfortunes, he was in the hands of the Almighty, by whose power, “If heaviness endureth for a night, “joy cometh in the morning.”—He then bowed, and left the room.

The solemnity of the good Vicar made Lady Dudley tremble. The Vicar respected her too much to *insult* her with his *compassion*, and his delicacy forced him to place all distress on the part only of Mr. Mortimer. Well she knew much was reserved

ed for her to feel; but in a world where wealth has such ponderous influence, and meanness crawls to opulence, might not every grievance poor Mortimer complained of be removed, and the rank purchased, which even himself must allow gave pretension to her hand?

Lady Dudley, by these generous sentiments, gained courage, and breaking open the packet, read as follows:—

History of the Hon. Edward Mortimer.

“ How shall I appear before the most amiable of women? How, Madam, confess myself to be *married*? I have sworn to open my heart before you, if after a word pronounced, which curdles my blood with rage and horror, you deign to peruse these sheets.

“ Yes, Madam, the man who presumes to love, to adore Lady Dudley, is *married*. Never again shall he appear in *that* character.—Oh! thou soother of my afflicted heart, remember your own words “ the evils fortune could remove, sink ever beneath friendship and affection.”—These, generous Lady Dudley, were your sentiments, and struck me with a retrospect of my conduct, roused my sleeping honour from the soft calm of peace; and as no balm could cure my wound, I did not dare to be a deliberate villain.

“ Permit

“ Permit me, Madam, to go back to my father ; from whose injustice, (though intended for my advantage) I date all my misfortunes. My father, the second son of the Earl of Castlebury, was, if I may be permitted the expression, born a soldier. The bravery of his conduct is too well known to need a repetition. By the death of the old Earl and his elder brother, he came young to the title, and married the daughter of a wealthy and respectable merchant, Sir James Lister, knight ; who had been twice Lord-mayor of London.

“ In my father’s time, the army was esteemed the profession of a gentleman ; to bear arms for their sovereign was the resource of men of fashion and family. The late Duke of Cumberland was nice in his officers. He made particular enquiry into their families ; nor could the father’s wealth purchase a commission in his guards ; other professions were open to him. The soldier had his birth, and his sword ; at

present, the King's commission is the only pretension many have to call themselves *gentlemen*. Thus is the military neglected, and frequently justly despised; and the army, no longer the *post of honour* sought with eagerness by our young nobility, is frequently filled with men who recollect what might have been gained by their father's trade of making whigs.

“ I am not to be informed, that a man of low birth may acquire a polite behaviour, and profess personal courage, but there are *gentlemen* sufficient to serve their King. The rich bourgeois introduce luxury, and overpower with money their superiors.—Did a man (even in the ranks) distinguish himself by courage, then the Duke made him an officer, took him by the arm on the parade, and by that distinction taught the military, that *a brave man was noble*.

“ But

“ But I am speaking of my father’s times, when national honour was our first thoughts: and from attending to those means by which Britons rose superior to the rest of the globe, our foes *then were conquered.*

“ Lord Castlecary had a regiment. I am shocked to say, at nine years, I had an ensigncy: at eighteen, he gave me a company.—I commanded my fathers, I may say my *grandfathers*; and in the heat of self-consequence, have reprimanded the grey-heads of *mornified valour.*—Severely have I been punished. —But to return, while I continued at school, other officers did my duty and bore my dangers, while time gave me pretensions to get rank, without service.

“ My father lost the love and respect of his officers by this injustice to them. When I was more than of an age to have done my duty, I was allowed to go abroad

to France and Italy, with Lord Audly, my elder brother, for two years—I had scarce ever seen the regiment.

“My sisters, Lady Charlotte and Lady Fanny, were fond of me, and vain of my taste in music, and excelling in dancing ; our concerts and balls were frequent, and my father’s house was the gay resort of all the young fashionable people. My sisters, in the midst of so much beauty, wondered I never fell in love. I always declared I had not time. The succession of charming faces made a pre-election impossible; their stay was too short to make an impression, thus, I remained free.

“My mother charged me to marry a great fortune ; my Lord, a woman of quality ; in order to form those coalitions of party, which might push my interest in the army or the cabinet. Every stroke, civil or military, my family thought would have been better executed by me than any other.

other. Never was a person so undeservedly well thought of by people in general. My relations have too much reason to give my disappointing their imaginary expectation in excuse for their desertion of me when their hopes were blasted;—"they threw me like a loathsome weed away."

"Full of health and spirits, and the favour of the world, my father ordered me to join the regiment;—My lord began to blush that I had scarce seen my brother officers.

"Lady Castlecary repeated her injunctions not to fall in love with a girl without a shilling. The regiment was then in Scotland. My father had prejudices against the Scotch, which were both illiberal and unjust. I found them sensible, hospitable and well-bred; the women all life and spirit, and while young remarkably handsome.

"As

“ As they do not assume the farce of superfluous wealth, they have a thousand little enchanting parties, without expence, where to give and receive pleasure, attention wears not the face of starched formality. - We had our rural balls on the verdant green; little plays for forfeits; verses, songs, and riddles.—These the ladies preferred to cards, which steal from them their lover’s heart, who, when sincerely touched, spends his time but ill, in watching his mistress’s eager looks after *Pam.* In Scotland, youth and beauty leave this party-coloured God to be adored by females who have no other pretension to fortune’s favours.

“ I was carried to a rural ball, given at a gentleman’s house on the wedding of the eldest of nine daughters. His estate a few hundreds a year. The only fortunes given to daughters, according to the custom of the country, are wedding-cloaths and
a ball:

a ball :—To this fatal *ball* I owe the commencement of all my misfortunes.

“ Passionately fond of dancing, I engaged the bride, and afterwards danced with every one of her sisters ; the youngest a beautiful girl turned of fifteen ; the eldest five and twenty that day.

“ My youth, gaiety, and spirits, gained me the partial favour of the whole company : I was caressed by every one ; and the worthy Mr. Hamilton requested I would come frequently, and enliven his girls. The family was too engaging not to avail myself of this permission. My visits were for two or three days at a time. I was treated like a favourite brother. Maria, the eldest unmarried, was engaged to an East-India Captain, who was gone his last voyage. The second, Lucy, made me her confidant of a partiality (on her side) to a certain agreeable widower, and we were always designing schemes to engage

gage him in parties, in which I bore a considerable share, and which at last terminated in a happy marriage.

“ Thus I spent my time, ever welcome to Mr. Hamilton, his lady, and charming daughters ; without one sentiment higher than admiration for their beauty and sincere friendship ; for their valuable and pleasing manners and accomplishments.

“ One morning I went earlier than usual ; and as none of the ladies had left their chambers, I strolled into the garden, the end of which was terminated by a little wood ; through part of it ran a stream where we frequently fished for trout. Without any plan I found myself by the river on a turf bank, where I had talked sentiments, and sung songs, with all the girls, who were infinitely amusing in their different characters. I observed upon the ground a rose-coloured work'd letter-case. I was overjoyed at this little prize, and
had

had an impulse to open it I could not resist. To my infinite surprize, the first paper I saw was a design of *myself*. As the whole family had a taste for drawing, I could not ascertain which had done me this piece of honour. I felt my heart leap to meet the partner of its fate; the sensation of being beloved surpassing every other earthly felicity. The picture was wrapped up in some very elegant verses, soft as the gentle hand that wrote them, but which of the fair sisters it was I could not divine. I returned to the house; a different man; I repeated *I was beloved*, and flew, to search, in the eye of my amiable companions, for information so enchanting to the heart and imagination.

“*The Child* (the appellation every one gave to Emilia) was not suspected: She was on a visit to Miss Campbells, who drew with some taste; I had never thought of them, though they were frequently of our parties, but determined

to extend my examination, for with all my penetration I found no unison of kindred mind in my present associates.— Fixed to make a morning call on Miss Cambells, I was pursuing my plan, when I met Mr. Hamilton. “Mortimer,” says he, “I am heartily vexed; and could almost say with Peach’em in the Beggar’s Opera, “I wonder any man alive would ever rear a daughter,” I replied, “I am certain, Sir, you have great reason to be proud of *yours*.”—“You are much mistaken,” continues Mr. Hamilton, “that little child Emilia, has made a conquest, which would have done honour to any of my daughters. On the proposals of such an unexceptionable match as Sir Harry Beville, she threw herself at my feet, implored me not to force her to marry; and as my wife tells me, has spent the whole night in tears. This girl makes me infinitely unhappy.” I returned, she was too young to think of love; and that I was surprised Sir Harry could wish for
an

an alliance with such extreme youth. As Emilia was on a visit to Miss Cambells; I would enquire how she did. "Take no notice, I beg," continued the worthy father; "we must try what influence Sir Harry will have, merely as an acquaintance; I love my girl too much to take any other method; *this* I with great candour told Sir Harry, though he is a match beyond my most sanguine expectations." I assured Mr. Hamilton, I hoped he would succeed in every wish; and flew to Miss Cambells, like a vain young fellow, who thought of no conquest but his own.

"I just looked at Emilia, and thought she never appeared so beautiful. Sir Harry Beville's being in love made me regard her, for the first time, in a light superior to *the child*, and perceived that it was her sisters' interest to give her the appellation; *they* were pretty women; Emilia was divinely handsome. I felt admiration, but no more.

"In

“ In Miss Cambell’s eye I read the strongest approbation. I rallied her on her skill in designing likenesses: she frankly owned she had taken mine more than once: I thought I had no motive to conceal an honour the lady avowed, and took the rose-coloured letter-case from my pocket: Emilia fainted—she alarmed us extremely, and was scarcely recovered when two of her sisters arrived. She returned with them, and the picture was no further mentioned.

“ Emilia continued pensive and grave: Sir Harry visited at the house. Her sisters affected to turn her conquest into laugh and ridicule; but her extreme melancholy took away all appearance of triumph, and they were compelled to pity the amiable girl, who, as the physicians feared, was going into a decline.

“ Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, who tenderly loved their child, were greatly alarmed.

alarmed. They entreated Sir Harry to decline his addresses. I had ever lived with Sir Harry in the greatest friendship. He begged me to give him my opinion: I told him, with the utmost freedom, that though I was surprised at her unaccountable caprice, yet for my own part, I ever thought the person without the mind, of no value or estimation; that I could throw from my heart any woman by whom I was not esteemed superior to the rest of mankind; that love's being reciprocal was all that made it *love*; in every other light it had a meanness, which a man of honour ought to feel above, and particularly a person so pleasing as himself.

“After some further endeavours in vain to attract Emillia, he took his leave and went to England, where, in a few months, he married.

“Emilia immediately grew better; she thanked me for giving Sir Harry this advice;

vice; and assured me the tender anxious looks of her mother would have destroyed her life, as it was not in her power to comply with her request, in forming an alliance with Sir Harry Beville.

“ From the first day I had never cast a look on Miss Cambell: I thought she had a want of delicacy in confessing an unsought flame—disgusting to a man of my sentiments; and differed so much from the elegant verses, as to prove that the lady’s poetry and softness went no further than her pen. Some time passed, and I continued to wear the picture about me, still a stranger to the artist.

“ Emilia was one morning designing a landscape; I was reading to her and Maria, a book with many false arguments, though full of sensibility, and written to the heart, ‘The Sorrows of Werter.’ Mrs. Hamilton called Emilia on some occasion, when we were strongly interested
for

for the unhappy man ; I promised not to continue reading till her return, and merely for want of employment, looked over her drawings. What did not my heart feel at finding the rough copy of the poem, and a number of sketches of my own likenesses !

“ I arose from my seat—threw myself on the sofa—hid my face—and a torrent of love rushed into my heart, which words cannot paint. In a new light did the *angelic Emilia* appear ; I flew into the garden.—I could not read—I could not speak.—Maria called after me to return to my task ; I entered the room, and *involuntarily* bowed to Emilia ; our eyes met—my tongue faltered—and our secret was disclosed to each other. From that moment I adored her. Why did such a woman plant a dagger in my breast ?

“ Impossible to read ; I flew to music, and there endeavoured to express my feelings,

ings, new, extatic, all her own. Unhack-ny'd in vice, I had not a thought to conceal: The first moment we were alone, I threw myself at my Emilia's feet. I believe few people ever experienced so much felicity. We must meet happiness in innocence, or seek it, alas! in vain.

With Emilia's permission, I fought her father. A man of honour ever wishes his actions should appear in that light; and the women deceive themselves, when they imagine that concealment is either conducive to their interest or fame.

"Mr. Hamilton heard me with astonishment! He saw by my manner the secret was new to myself;—full well he knew the strong impulse of the passions, and begged me to consider, how *my father* (full of ambitious views for me) would approve his daughter, who had only birth and beauty, without wealth, which in the world, stands even in the place of virtue.

"From

"From the little circumstance of the picture, he had no doubt of Emilia's partiality ; and saw I was determined. Happiness and competency were all he wished his daughters to aspire to, and that they might merit the honour done them by a worthy man. My commission and a few thousands left me by my grandmother Lady Lister, were all my dependance. Mr. Hamilton had the delicacy never to mention the great match of Sir Harry Beville, with more thousands than my hundreds, and which my Emilia had refused upon my account.

" This was a family united by love. Our marriage being announced, my father heard of it even before I could have wrote for his consent ; for I deferred this painful task, having no hopes of success. My Lord wrote a letter to me full of unjust invectives against the Hamiltons : that I was duped by them, and a set of designing girls ; and every misfortune he prognosticated,

nostricated, my unhappy fate has since realized.

“ Lady Castlecary, and both Lady Charlotte and Lady Frances, wrote me letters, to renounce me in form. My father likewise assured me, I should never gain one step in his regiment, or any other he could prevent. *Thus* was I thrown off by my whole family; and the most infamous transaction of any man's life, could not have been treated with more ignominy, than marrying a most beautiful well-born, and well-educated young woman, whose only defect was want of fortune.

“ My heart spurned at this meanness I found my relations capable of. I immediately married Emilia, and entered into a family who received me with joy. To express my happiness were, in my present situation, to renew my grief, and, if possible, to add to my wretchedness.

“ We

"We continued to live with Mr. Hamilton. My Emilia blessed me the first year with a son; and for two years, every day brought an increase of felicity. Our pleasures were domestic; and it was neither from the world, ambition, or vanity, that we looked for, or expected social happiness.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton guided with judgment their family. Little fêtes of mirth and amusement fell to the department of Emilia and myself. They had married both Maria and Lucy, who were on a visit with their husbands. Mr. Macpherson, a physician, married the eldest daughter; at the wedding of whom my acquaintance began. Requested to give a *ball* at the anniversary of this day to him of happiness, for the five unmarried daughters, who had all lovers, or young men likely to become such, after one of those joyous evenings, where pleasure arises from esteem, love, and friendship, the

great source of giving and receiving happiness, without envy to lour on the brow, we retired late to our apartment. Scarce had we entered, but we were alarmed by a violent ringing of Mr. Hamilton's bell. I flew in a moment to his chamber, and found that worthy man in a fit, and his amiable wife too much terrified to support him; in a few seconds all his children were in the room, lamenting their dying father; for Doctor Macpherson gave us no hopes; however, he recovered to breathe some pious ejaculations, to give instructions to every child, and to embrace a wife he tenderly loved. To his son, a student at college, (who was then at home) he recommended his mother and sisters; particularly the unmarried ones. Brothers differ from ours in England; they are fathers and protectors of their sisters in Scotland.

Mr. Hamilton charged me on his blessing, to guard his Emilia: he took her hand,

hand, and with his eyes raised to heaven, enjoined her to regard my love before all other earthly happiness—so long would heaven protect her innocence. Wretched woman ! how hast thou perverted a father's blessing !

“ It was after many efforts, he gave advice;—and the third day we lost the best of fathers !—the world, the best of men !——I must draw a veil over a face plunged in woe, and ever bereft of happiness, like that of the amiable Mrs. Hamilton. The Scotch do not fly their deceased friends,—They wait and attend the last ceremonies, and do not leave a beloved body (though insensible of our care) to the unhallowed hands of hired mercenaries.—Even common acquaintance make their visit of condolence in mourning : this soothes their afflicted friend. “ Weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice,” are words to be found in the most sacred book ; but many,

we fear, have only met with *the edition* full of errors of the press, from which they conduct their lives, reversing the christian precept; and thus do they translate:—
“Weep at thy neighbour’s prosperity; but if thy friend (commonly so called) be in adversity, then let thy heart be merry and joyful.”

“The estate went to their son, Mr. James Hamilton, between seven and eight and twenty, studying physic at college. As his father, Mr. Hamilton, had tenderly loved his wife, he left her a jointure of two hundred a year, which was thought large, on an estate of six hundred. Mr. James made an immediate allowance to his unmarried sisters, and promised to continue every custom of their worthy father.

“We continued to live with, and endeavoured to console Mrs. Hamilton; but my Lord Castlecary putting an officer
over

Over my head, I desired his permission to sell, which he refused. At that juncture I was offered a company in a Highland regiment, by a relation of Mr. Hamilton; who felt highly piqued by my Lord's displeasure, at my marrying his beautiful cousin Emilia!

"My resignation was more than my Lord had expected, and which I sent to lay at the King's feet, with a letter, of cold respectful politeness to him as my colonel. My Father, struck with a *hau-teur*, the counterpart of his own temper, declared he honoured my independent spirit, and that he would forgive, and see my handsome Highland Lassie: but soon after a fall from his horse, at a review, prevented his paternal intention; and I received my *shilling*, (with which in his high displeasure he cut me off) with every mark of contempt from my family. But my affliction for my father's loss prevented my shewing the least return of resentment.

“ Our Highland regiment was ordered from Scotland to York. Emilia, young and beautiful, having spent her life in the bosom of her family, trembled to enter the world. The first essay of a modest woman is ever timid. She begged me not to leave her ; and it was on duty only I was ever absent. We had torn ourselves from a family of love, where innocence and gaiety waited our steps, to take our doubtful range among smiling, deceitful, false friends, and trifling acquaintances : These Emilia enumerated to me, with tears at the unhappy change in our condition : the only consolation I could afford her was, an assurance that we should be ever together ; and in that situation it was impossible to feel unhappiness.—Our infant son was adored by us both ; and our happiness, so united, made us the subject of universal conversation. The passion we both entertained for music, engaged us to cultivate a little society with people whose tastes were similar : these and our domestic

domestic pleasures shared our time. We lost our little boy : and from his death I date my decline of felicity. When my wife was with child of Julia, the study of my life was to divert the regrets for her darling infant. I sought for her the acquaintance of a Lady, whom I thought amiable, married to an officer in the same regiment. Her person was merely pleasing—her voice and taste for music exquisite ; but the charm which chiefly attached me, was her admiration for my Emilia. Mrs. Bellamy was ever entertaining me with encomiums on my wife : I frequently sat whole hours with her to hear my Emilia's praise. As it was impossible (from the custom of the world) to dance at our assembly with Emilia, this lady was always my partner : Captain Bellamy was a man of bonne fortune with the ladies : He paid great court to Emilia ; exulting in my wife's infinite attachment to me (from vanity) I affected to leave him with her : my little gallantries were devoted to Mrs.

Bellamy. Once in particular, I drew our party to a wood, where I had provided a repast, and surprised them with a concert, consisting of the band of our regiment, joined by some other excellent performers.—Our little gala was concluded by a ball, of which Mrs. Bellamy was the avowed queen.

“ Emilia was offended;—she had a hauteur I never observed before in her character; she smiled on me with cold good-humour, and for the first time was *alive* to the adulation paid her beauty: at that moment, explanations were impossible; rage and jealousy tore my heart; I affected careless indifference; and the ball broke up with every appearance of our almost preferring every person in the room to each other.—To be proud when alone with the woman one loves is not nature; I fell at Emilia’s feet, and confessed she had made me wretched:—my Emilia soothed my fears.—She then told me

Mrs.

Mrs. Bellamy's character was that of the most artful of women : her pride and pleasure ever was to endeavour to seduce the heart of any husband, who shewed a passionate attention to his wife. Her usual method was, to load with praise and civility the happy object of his choice, till she had gained his confidence, and then slowly throw in a thousand malicious insinuations, till she had erased every spark of affection in his breast:—that Mrs. Bellamy had publicly avowed, she would make that fine fellow Edward Mortimer sick of his inanimate wax doll. Emilia smiled ; confessed she was picqued the whole evening, and had hated me extremely. I need not add, a perfect reconciliation was the result of this explanation : We had felt both too much ever again to pretend a preference for any, superior to what we felt for each other : Thus happily assured that our affection could not change, we agreed to candidly own when we were offended.—For my own part, I shall

to my death be of opinion, that the heart which submits to a *share* in the affections of a beloved object, may be capable of inspiring *pity*; but neither love, nor the anxious *wish to please*, which is one of the chief links of the matrimonial chain, and when once weakened, renders it neither difficult or unfashionable to break.

“ Our nominal friends soon found it was not in their power to disunite two *young* people, firmly attached to each other, from inclination and principle; they therefore gave up the attempt. We lived agreeably, and like young economists spent more than our income. I solicited my friends in power, but found they availed themselves of my father's displeasure to excuse the doing me any service, enumerating the evils of my imprudent marriage, with the preferment and advantage, if my conduct had been *just the reverse*; disbelieving it possible to find any happiness in that limited fortune I was likely
ever

ever to possess.—Disgusted by these unfeeling wretches, and panting to raise myself without their assistance, I exchanged with an officer under immediate orders for America, unknown to Emilia. I proposed to place my wife with her mother Mrs. Hamilton, and then gain a situation worthy that idol of my life, or die in the attempt.

“To bring Emilia to consent to our parting was impossible:—The man who can withstand the tears of a woman he loves may be a philosopher, but no-lover: My affections yielded to what my reason disapproved, and we embarked, with our little Julia, for America.

“I am not going to entertain the amiable Lady Dudley, whose feeling heart would suffer, with the calamities of war, or the account of the siege, where I was dangerously wounded. Emilia was my nurse—saved my life—and softened my
hours

hours of pain ; a Majority fell in the regiment ; I had been thanked by my commanding-officer for my behaviour, and had a right to hope to succeed : but from England a much younger officer was sent to command me. I groaned with anguish—my wounds broke out afresh—and my life was despaired of:—but I was reserved to feel greater misery than the point of the bayonet could inflict.

“ It was my duty to wait on my commanding-officer ;——I made my wound my excuse, to evade a visit so repugnant to me. Major Melancour sent me a polite message, replete with softness, to remove the prejudice he knew I must feel against him.—When he came in the evening, his person and address were so perfectly elegant, that it was impossible to hate him, upon an account of an event of which in fact he was innocent. Major Melancour respectfully intreated me not to see him with disgust, but suffer him to
come

come to me for instructions; and lamented the fate of the officers in the army, which placed such boys as himself, from parliamentary interest, over the heads of brave men.—His candour and address, even on the first interview, healed my wounded self-love: I no longer feared insult or mortification on the part of this young Major, who took every opportunity, publicly, to pay me respect and deference. Emilia was charmed with him: his beauty was extreme; accompanied by a tall martial figure; and I must acknowledge, (fatal as he proved to my peace) that in person or manner I never saw his equal.*

“ Every evening he endeavoured to spend a few hours with us. I was still confined by my wound; as the ball was too deep for surgical operations to extract. Melancour read to us; sung duets with Emilia; our friendship hourly increased; and being frequently obliged to part with
him

him on dangerous duty, awakened all our feelings; when the canonading began, my Emilia and myself have sat in silent eloquence; and at his return, overwhelmed him with our embraces.

“I was by this time able, with a crutch to go into the trenches, and do my duty. We contrived one should be left with Emilia to support her agitated spirits. A mine was going to be sprung, into which it was necessary to throw a number of men, (on a forlorn hope) to preserve the whole. I was ordered. Melancour ran immediately, and insisted on taking my duty, and preserving a life of such consequence to Emilia and his little Julia, whom he spent hours in caressing, and partaking her infant sports. I would not hear a word, but broke from them, and concealed myself in a friend's house till a short time was elapsed, for myself and thirty men to march: I endeavoured to divest my thoughts of my beloved Emilia and darling

ling little Julia, whose faces I never again expected to behold; recommended myself to heaven, and gave the word of command. As I was proceeding, a person, perfectly a stranger, put a note into my hand, containing only these few words:

"Your wife is false,

"Melancour triumphs in your bed,

"See and believe——

"A FRIEND."

Lady Dudley, who had frequently stopped during this fatal history of Mr. Mortimer's, to shed torrents of tears, at this period fainted; her fall alarmed Mrs. Winter, (who was reading in the next room.) She ran and found Lady Dudley without sense or motion: with the assistance of Mrs. Plain, Lady Dudley's woman, she recovered, and was put to bed. —Coming a little to herself, she requested Mrs. Winter to take care of those papers a few days; said she was incapable to peruse

peruse further at present, but would finish when her mind was a little more composed, and intreated to be left alone.

The next day this amiable woman sufficiently recovered strength to do the honours of her house, and, with the placid cheerfulness of a suffering angel, attended her friends to breakfast, in the tent, the morning the fatal accident of the gun bursting introduced Mr. Walder and the young gentleman. Julia's fainting and distress, the agony of the spaniel, with Mrs. Winter's account of the young peasant, gave her room to conclude, (notwithstanding the most guarded vigilance) that Julia had entertained a lover; and the requesting permission to shoot was little more than the pretence of a young man in love, to take advantage of her father Mr. Mortimer's absence.

Lady Dudley determined to take the opinion and advice of the good Vicar, by inform-

informing him of every particular; and then felt a degree of peace restored to her mind by this resolution.

But as the system of novel writers is to leave the reader in suspense:—we therefore refer him to the Second Volume; highly flattered, if the First has served to chase away that enemy to happiness,
Ennui.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

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